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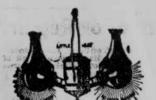
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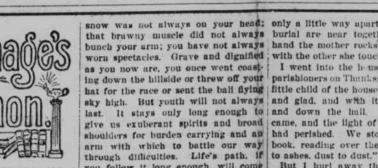
Locustville, Benj, T. Gunter Daugherty, Capt. H. S. Rich, Produce Exchange, A. W. Lilliston, T. R. Mears, Marsh Bros., southside do northside. time it shall be light."

When the Sun Sets. This prophecy will be fulfilled in the long time it is broad daylight. The o'clock! The sun has dipped below the sun rides high. Innumerable activities horizon; the warmth has gone out of go ahead with a thousanu feet and the air. Nine o'clock, 10 o'clock! The pickax struck a mine, and the battery of life's day are all bushed; it is time made a discovery, and the investment to go to bed. Eleven o'clock, 12 o'clock! yielded its 20 per cent, and the book | The patriarch sleeps the blessed sleep, came to its twentieth edition, and the the cool sleep, the long sleep. Heaven's farm quadrupled in value, and sudden | messengers of light have kindled bonfortune hoisted to high position, and fires of victory all over the heavens. children were praised, and friends At eventime it is fight. Light. without number swarmed into the family hive, and prosperity sang in the music and stepped in the dance and in the latter day of the church. Only a glowed in the wine and ate at the banquet, and all the gods of music and few good men, compared with the inease and gratification gathered around stitutions leprous and putrified. It is bird's carol and waterfall's dash and this Jupiter holding in his hands so early yet in the history of everything ocean's doxology - but ear hath not many thunderbolts of power. But every support of power and the history day good. Civilization and Christianity are heard it. How did those blessed ones ery sun must set, and the brightest day just getting out of the cradie. The must have its twilight. Suddenly the sky was overcast. The fountain dried The song husbed. The wolf broke into the family fold and carried off the Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, best lamb. A deep howl of woe came crashing down through the joyous symphonies. At one rough twang of intemperance buried under ten thouthe hand of disaster the harpstrings all broke. Down went the strong busiin many styles and at lowest prices pess firm! Away went long established credit! Up flew a flock of calumnies! The new book would not sell: A patent could not be recured for the invention: ties and China worshiping Dr. Abeel's Will be at Accomac C. H. ever company exploded! "How much," says the sheriff, "will you bid for this pi- acknowledging David Brainerd's piety; ano? How much for this illurary? How human bondage delivered through much for this family picture? How Thomas Clarkson's Christianity; vamuch? Will you let it go at less than

half price? Going-going-gone!" Will the grace of God hold one up in such circumstances? What has become of the great multitude of God's children who have been pounded of the fall and crushed under the wheel and trampled under the boof? Did they lie down in the dust, weeping, wailing and gnashing their teeth? Did they when they were afflicted like Job an asplura, for there are no orphans; Will be at Bloxom Tuesday and frequency, and at Marsh Market Priday of second week in each month for the practice of his promonth for the practice of his proof God's supply, did they upset the whole table? Did they kneel down at their empty money vault and say, "All my treasures are gone?" Did they stand by the grave of their dead, say-

> Did they bemonn their thwarted plans and say, "The stocks are down; would God I were dead?" Did the night of their disaster come upon them moonless, starless, dank and bowling, smothering and choking their life out? No. no! At eventide it was light. The swift promises overtook them. The eternal constellations, from their circuit about God's throne, poured down an infinite luster. Under their shining the billows of trouble took on crests and plumes of gold and Jasper and amethyst and Came. All the trees of life of Christ's a impathy filled all the ut- umph mosphere with heaven. The soul at afflicted" c. led David. from the c.oss! Light from the great-

light! The Glory of Old Age. Again, the text shall find fulfillment in the time of old age. It is a grand thing to be young, to have the sight clear and the bearing acute and the step elastic and all our pulses marching on to the drumming of a stout heart. Midlife and old age will be denied many of us, but youth-we all



WASHINGTON, Feb. 9 .- In this subject Dr. Talmage puts a glow of gladness and triumph upon passages of life that are usually thought to be somewhat gloomy; text, Zecharlah xiv. 7, "At evening time it shall be light."

While "night" in all languages is the symbol for gloom and suffering, it is often really cheerful, bright and impressive. I speak not of such nights as come down with no star pouring light up light from beneath--murky, hurtling, portentous, but such as you often see when the pomp and magnificence and it seems as though the song which the morning stars began so long ago were chiming yet among the constellations and the sons of God were shoutblesses from the forecastle, and the trapper on vast prairie, and the belated traveler by the roadside, and the soldier from the tent, earthly hosts gazing upon heavenly and shepherds guarding their flocks afield, while angel hands above them set the silver bells a-ringing, "Glory to God in the highest and

on earth peace; good will toward men." What a solemn and glorious thing is night in the wilderness! Night among the mountains! Night on the ocean! Fragrant night among tropical groves! Flashing night amid arctic severities! Calm night on Roman campagna! Awful night among the cordilleras! Gloriand the stars which rule it are lightmariners are we if, with so many beaming, burning, flaming glories to guide us, we cannot find our way into the

My text may well suggest that, as the natural evening is often luminous, so it shall be light in the evening of our sorrows, of old age, of the world's his- shall pick it out, and the young eagles tory, of the Christian life. "At even- shall eat it." The bright morning and

Persons in Accomac and adjoining

ing, "There never will be a resurrec-

"The Lord

fills all the scene with love, joy and know what that is. Those wrinkles The sun rises at 8 and sets at 4. The will give you a very awkward air.-

snow was not always on your head; only a little way apart. Baptism and that brawny muscle did not always burial are near together. With one bunch your arm; you have not always hand the mother rocks the cradle and Then He Concluded Not to Cultivate worn spectacles. Grave and dignified with the other she touches a grave. as you now are, you once went coast I went into the house of one of my ing down the hillside or threw off your | parishioners on Thanksgiving day. The hat for the race or sent the ball flying little child of the household was bright sky high. But youth will not always and glad, and with it I bounded up It stays only long enough to and down the hall. Christmas day give us exuberant spirits and broad came, and the light of that household

under frowning crag and cross trem-cannot have you weep. Thanks be bling causeway. Blessed old age, if unto God, who giveth us the victory. you let it come naturally! You cannot at eventime it shall be light! I have hide it. You may try to cover the seen many Christians die. I never saw wrinkles, but you cannot cover the any of them die in darkness. What you to be old, be not ashamed to be our girdle, who does not love to bathe? old. The grandest things in all the universe are old - old mountains, old the blast, what do we want of them rivers, old sens, old stars and an old when all the gates of glory swing open

prompt at of heaven turn out on night parade, They say they are twenty, but they are Scoville McCulium, one of my Sabbath thirty. They say they are sixty, but they are eighty. Glorious old age if ing for joy. Such nights the sailor leaning on the top of his staff; of John good fight! I have finished my course! Quincy Adams, falling with the har- I have kept the faith!" ness on; of Washington Irving, sitting, pen in hand, amid the scenes himself had made classical; of John Angell "Farewell sun, moon and stars! Fare-James, to the last proclaiming the gospel to the masses of Birmingham; of the other side of the scaffold and cried; Theodore Frelinghuysen, down to fee- "Welcome, God and Father! Welcome, bleness and emaciation devoting his sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the illustrious faculties to the kingdom of covenant! Welcome, death! Welcom God. At eventide it was light!

> you will be an old man. You will be through all the caverns of the seput ous night mid sea after a tempest! an." People thought that he was crazy. Thank God for the night! The moon I do not think that he was. Smooth the way for that mother's feet; they houses on the coast toward which I have not many more steps to take. hope we are all sailing, and blind Steady those tottering limbs; they will soon be at rest. Plow not up that face with any more wrinkles; trouble and care have marked it full enough. Thrust no thorn into that old heart; it will soon cease to beat. "The eye that mocketh its father and refuseth to obey its mother the ravens of the valley hot noonday of life have passed with It is 4 o'clock, 5 o'clock, 6 many. o'clock! The shadows fall longer and such pavement and joins in such comevening of Christian sorrow. For a thicker and faster. Seven o'clock, 8 pany and has a free seat in such a work with a thousand arms, and the heavy dews are falling; the activities

> The Latter Day of the Church. Again, my text shall find fulfillment few missionaries, a few churches, a light of martyr stakes, flashing up and down the sky, is but the flaming of the morning, but when the evening of the world shall come, glory to God's conquering truth, it shall be light. War's sand broken decanters; the world's impurity turning its brow heavenward for the benediction, "Blessed are the pure in heart:" the last vestige of selfishness Stocks sank like lead! The insurance Saviour; all India believing in Henry Martyn's Rible; shoriginal superstition grancy coming back from its pollution at the call of Elizabeth Fry's Redcemer; the mountains coming down; the valleys goldg up; "hollness" inscribed on horse's tell, and silkworm's thread. and brown thrasher's wing, and shell's tinge, and manufacturer's shuttle, and chemist's taboratory, and king's scep swers, "I never knew you." Another ter, and nation's Magna Charta, Not a hospital, for there are no wounds; not not a prison, for there are no criminals; not an almshouse, for there are no paupers; not a teur, for there are no sorrows. The long dirge of earth's lamentation has ended in the triumphal march of redeemed empires, the forests harping it on vine strung branches, the water chanting it among the gorges, the thunders drumming It among the hills, the ocean giving it forth with its organs, trade winds

I want to see John Howard when the last prisoner is reformed; I want | ever! to see Florence Nightingale when the rustled in the midsummer of God's see Jesus after the last saint has his love. The night blooming assurances throne and has begun to sing his tri-

You have watched the calmness and every step seemed to start up from its the glory of the evening hour. The lafeet bright winged Joys, warbling heav- borers have come from the field; the enward. "It is good that I have been heavens are glowing with an indescribable effulgence, as though the sun in gave, and the Lord bath taken away!" departing had forgotten to shut the exclaims Job. "Sorrowful, yet always gate after it. All the beauty of cloud rejoicing." says St. Paul. "And God and leaf swims in the lake. For a star shall wipe away all tears from their in the sky, a star in the water; heaven eyes!" exclaims John in apocalyptic vi- above and beaven beneath. Not a leaf sion. At eventime it was light. Light rustling or a bee humming or a grasshopper chirping. Silence in the meadises! Light from the throne! Stream- ow, slience among the hills. Thus ing, joyous, outgushing, everlasting bright and beautiful shall be the evening of the world. The heats of earthly

peace. At eventime it is light-light! Fulfillment at the End. Finally, my text shall find fulfillment at the end of the Christian's life. You know how short a winter's day is and how little work you can do. Now, my friends, life is a short winter's day. | made and fit you, for otherwise they were not always on your brow: that birth angel and the death angel fly Lord Chesterfield.

conflict are cool; the glory of heaven

shoulders for burden carrying and an had perished. We stood, with black arm with which to battle our way book, reading over the grave, "Ashes you follow it long enough, will come But I hurl away this darkness, I

If the time has come for if the billows of death do rise above What though other lights do go out in Then do not be ashamed to before us and from a myrind voices, a Send us your from above or silvered wave tossing be old unless you are older than the myriad harps, a myriad thrones, a myrmountains and older than the stars. | fad palaces there dashes upon us "Ho-How men and women will tie! They sanna! Hosanna!" Throw back the say they are forty, but they are sixty. shutters and let the sun in," said dying and let the sun in." You can see Paul found in the way of righteousness! putting on robes and wings of ascen-How beautiful the old age of Jacob, sion as he exclaims; "I have fought the Hugh McKall went to one side of the

scaffold of martyrdom and cried! well all earthly delights!" then went to glory!" A minister of Christ in Phila-See that you do honor to the aged. A delphia, dying, said in his last mophilosopher stood at the corner of the ments, "I move into the light!" street day after day, saying to the did not go down doubting and fearing passersby: "You will be an old man; and shivering, but their battlecry rang an old woman; you will be an old wom- cher and was echoed back from all the thrones of heaven: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Sing, my soul, of joys to come. I saw a beautiful being wandering

the aged, and they became young; she

touched the poor, and they became rich. I said, "Who is this beautiful ng wandering up and down the earth?" They told me that her name was Death. What a strange thrill of joy when the palsied Christian begins to use his arm again, when the blind Christian begins to see again, when the deaf Christian begins to hear again. when the poor pilgrim puts his feet on great temple! Hungry men no more to hunger, thirsty men no more to thirst, weeping men no more to weep, dying men no more to die. Gather up all sweet words, all jubilant expressions all ranturous exclamations: bring them to me, and I will pour upon them this stupendous theme of the soul's enthrallment! Oh, the joy of the spirit as it shall mount up toward the torone of God. shouting: "Free! Free!" Your eye has gazed upon the garniture of earth and heaven, but eye hath not seen it; your ear has caught harmonles uncounted and indescribablecaught them from harp's trill and wove their robes of light? Who gave in any year since 1800. them wings? Ah. eternity is not long enough to tell it, seraphim have not capacity enough to realize it-the marvels of redeeming love! Let the palms wave; let the crowns glitter; let the anthems ascend; let the trees of Lebanon clap their hands-they cannot tell the half of it. Archangel before the throne, thou fallest! Sing on, praise on, ye hosts of the glorified, and if with your scepters you cannot reach it and with your songs you cannot express it then let all the myrlads of the

saved unite in the exclamation: "Jesus! Jesus! "Jesus!" The Light of Eventide. There will be a password at the gate of heaven. A great multitude come up in 1887 to 75-100 cents in 1900. The and knock at the gate. The gatekeeper. says, "The password." They say: "We have no password. We were great on earth, and now we come up to be great | York World. in heaven." A voice from within an group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password. We did a great many noble things on earth. We endowed colleges and took care of the poor." The voice from within says, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They answer, "We were wanderers from God and deserve to die, but we heard the voice of

Jesus"- "Aye, aye," says the gatekeeper, "that is the password! Lift up touching the keys and Euroclydon's your heads, ye everlasting gates, and foot on the pedal. | let these people come in." They go in and surround the throne, jubilant for-

Ah, do you wonder that the last hours last saber wound has stopped burting; of the Christian on earth are illuminat- other thought than to "kill" them. I want to see William Penn when the ed by thoughts of the coming glory? Pittsburg Dispatch. last Indian has been civilized; I want Light in the evening. The medicines to see John Huss when the last flame may be bitter. The pain may be sharp. of persecution has been extinguished; The parting may be heartrending. fet I want to see John Bunyan after the light in the evening. As all the stars ed itself into an attack on Mr. Henley. last pilgrim has come to the gate of of the night sink their anchors of pearl who in an extremely serious onslaught the celestial city-above all, I want to in lake and river and sea so the waves in The Saturday Review has been asof Jordan shall be illuminated with the down flashing of the glory to come. The dying soul looks up at the constellations. "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?" Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to !!ving fountains of water, and God shall wipe

away all tears from their eyes." Close the eyes of the departed one; earth would seem tame to its enchanted vision. Fold the hands; life's work is ended. Veil the face; it has been open letter ably denouncing him as an transfigured.

Mr. Toplady in his dying hour said. Ivla Coming nearer the expiring moment, he excluded with illuminated countenance, "Light!" In the last instant of his breathing he lifted up his hands and cried: "Light! Light!" Thank God for light in the evening!

[Copyright, 1802, Louis Klopsch, N. Y.] Dress yourself fine where others are fine and plain where others are plain. but take care that your clothes are well

HE SAW THE "BABY."

the "ather's Acquaintance.

In the Irish legend Fin MacCool was the famous giant who built the causeway from Ireland to Staffa in order that his Scotch rival-who desired to give him a beating, but who objected to getting his feet wet-might walk across the green isle dry shod. persons, however, appear to be familiar with the following legend, which is told by the peasants in certain districts, but which. like most of the unwritten folklore of Erin, is fast passing out of existence

When Fin MacCool had completed the causeway, he caught a glimpse of his formidable rival in the distance, which convinced him that the tales he had heard concerning him were not exaggerated. With much trepidation, Fin strode rapidly back to Ireland and confessed to his wife that, for the first time in his life, he feared he was in imminent danger of receiving an ignominious beating.

The giant's wife, who was inordinatefamed prowess, listened silently to his description of the mighty Scotch giant, then said reassuringly:

acushla, and I'll warrant the Scotch- or of keeping it at bay if advanced. man will go back over the causeway trouble you ngain."

he cared to own, was glad to accept his taken than this is. wife's proffered assistance and to trust to her ingenuity to thwart his rival. There was no time to lose, for the ponthen met the Scotch giant as he approached swinging his heavy club. "Please don't wake the baby!" she

"He is very cross and un manageable when his sleep is broken." Then she added: "I expect Fin bome at any moment. He will be glad to see Won't you come in and look at the baby while you wait for him?" The Scotch glant, somewhat surpris

ed to find his rival's wife so agreeable

accepted her invitation good humored ly and tried to make as little noise as ossible with his immense feet as he followed her to the chamber where Fin lay in his disguise, feigning slumber. The Scotchman did not dare to ap proach the bed lest be should disturb the sleeping "child," but, standing a the threshold, he assured the prounever seen so fine a child before, ther hastily took his leave, regretting that urgent business in Scotland demanded his immediate attention and made i impossible for him to remain longer in

in Youth's Companion.

Statistics compiled by the treasury department give a comparison between ment that more miles of track had been knocked off their chains? What loom | laid in this country during 1901 than

Approximately there are 200,000 miles of railroad in the United States a trifle more than two-fifths of the entire mileage of the world, which is placed at 484,348. No other country or continent approaches the United States in the amount of mileage. All of Europe has only 168,605 miles of track.

Seventy-one years ago there were but twenty-three miles of railroad in the United States. In the last thirty years the number of tons of freight carried the number was 141,000,000,000. At the same time freight rates have decreased from 1.3 cents per ton a mile nothing visible but the woman's bright evolution of the railroads both in mile. on. The tasmak and habara are capage and management is properly enough a wonder of the age.-New

Kinling's Murder of Adjectives. There is now on exhibition in a New York bookstore the original manuscript password." They say: "We have no of Kipling's "The Light That Failed." As it appears to the casual observer there is little chirographical evidence at least of the mental torment authors are popularly supposed to undergo in their efforts to bring forth a volume The "copy" is written in an even band, and in the entire manuscript there are scarcely a hundred lines that have been rewritten and not one paragraph the text of which has been wholly changed. In the editing of the copy. obviously done by the author, there is one noticeable feature, and that is the wholesale striking out of adjectives. It would seem that Mr. Kipling ba gone through the manuscript with

Literary Amenities.

The defense of Stevenson has resolv deny that leper is insurpassably in-Mr. Swinburne a leper in casual allusion to the nature of his poetry, and Mr. Swinburne got back at him in an ape gibbering on the shoulders of Car-

A Good Lung Exercise. Hold head up, shoulders back and chest out; inflate the lungs slowly through the nose until they are brimful; hold until you have counted ten without opening your lips; exhale

quickly till your lungs are as nearly empty of the bad air as it is possible to get them. Repeat same exercise, trying to hold the lungs full while rounting twenty. Try it again and see if you can hold your breath half a minute. Finish with three or four deep, long drawn inspirations.

BUTTER AS A MEDICINE.

It Is Good For Consumptives and For Thin, Wenk People,

Butter is so common a commodity that people use it and scarcely ever think what wonderful value lies at their hand in the pats of dainty yellow cream fat. Of course they know that it is useful in many branches of cookery and that without its aid the table would be bare of its thinly rolled bread and butter, its delicate cakelets and its other usual accessories. Beyond these uses the value of butter is a thing only vaguely thought of.

But this delicate fat is as valuable thin people, and doctors have frequent mmended the eating of many butter as a means of pleasantly taking into the bodlly tissues one of the purest forms of fat it is possible to get.

ly proud of her husband and of his far- ter, even to the healthy folk. For any the buckle strap commonly used at ed, is one of the best ways of curing "Just leave this matter to me, Fin. the disease if it is in its early stages the advantages of such a strap are

Butter is not a simple fat, composed quicker than he came and will never of merely one sort. It is a mixture of question by saying that they are "so Fin, who was more frightened than fats, and no more complex oil can be tion

How a Diamond Cuts Glass, It has been ascertained by a series of derous footsteps of the Scotchman were experiments that a diamond does not agine that the name was given to the already heard resounding along the cut out the glass, file fashion, but causeway. With as much dispatch as forces the particles apart, so that a her portliness of person would permit. continuous crack is formed along the upon a brand of cigars, but the scrap-the glantess dressed Fin in baby gar- line of the intended cut. The crack book was the veritable invention of ments of monstrous dimensions and once begun, very small force is necesbade him lie upon his bed in apparent sary to carry it through the glass, and helplessness. With a pleasant smile of thus the piece is easily broken off. The welcome and a warning gesture, she superficial crack or cut need not be deep. A depth, according to fine measurements, of a two-hundredth part of plish the purpose, so that the application of much force in using the diamond only wears out the gem without doing the work any better.

Numerous stones, such as quartz and other minerals, when ground into proper form, will cut glass like a diaand soon losing the sharp edge necessary to make the operation a success.

An Odd Use For the Pin. An odd use that the pin was put to ong ago was that of checking the infrom pin to pin was half a pint, and order to make the acquaintance of the "baby's" father. Harriette M. Collins "stop at a pln."

Roisterers, however, prevented the purpose of good St. Dunstan and established the rule of "good fellowship," mirth, and the trial usually ended with the draining of the tankard.

Egypt's Veiled Women

The tasmak, or vell, may be black or lished with rows of drawnwork or terial. The women of the middle and black vells from one to three feet long. Those higher in the social grade wear white ones, and occasionally they reach to the hem of the dress. These one mile was 39,000,000,000. Last year part of the forehead by cords securely tied behind. When worn with this ha-bara in the orthodox fashion, there is black eyes, which see everything going ital disguises, and a woman may flirt to her heart's content without fear of being discovered, provided she is not followed to her home.

Broke His Circuit.

The shades of the goose and the tur key were discussing the circumstances which had attended their respective takings off. "Did you offer any objection when

first the cruel farmer laid hands on you?" sympathetically inquired the gobbler. "Yes," replied his gooseship; "I cried

out, 'Hello, what's this?' " "What did you say next?" inquired the now thoroughly interested fowl. "Oh," the goose replied, "I did not sa) anything more. Just then I was wrung off."-Michigan Lyre.

The average weight of a Scotchman's

brain is sixty ounces, an Englishman's forty-nine, a Frenchman's a little over forty-five. The weight of Dutch, Frisian, Italian and Lapp brains come near man brain is in many instances heav- cornerib." -Saturday Evening Post. ier. The Polish brain is forty-seven ounces. Among Hindoo and other races

sailed as a literary leper. Harper's four ounces, but Mussulmans average Weekly thinks that characterizing a more and the Khonds, one of the abo- in the establishment of a loan museum person as a leper is about the limit riginal races of India, much less-not and it adds: "Ghoul might have been quite thirty-eight ounces. Traveling ful to Sunday school teachers. The more accurately descriptive in the case, toward Chins, the brain weight of the some might think, and others might tribes there settled increases. In Afrihold out for vampire, but no one can ca the average weight is from fortythree to forty-eight ounces; in America sulting. Years ago Emerson called that of the Indian averages forty-seven ounces; in Australia from forty to for- stone, the Lachish tablet, the Monbite ty-two ounces. Bill Nye's Criticism,

It was in Frisco when Peter Jack-

son, the colored pugilist, was a feature in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Bill Nye was to have lectured at the Baldwin theater, but was greeted by so small an went over to hear Jackson talking of the pearly gates to Little Eva. After the performance L. R. Stockwell, the veteran actor, met Nye in the lobby of the theater, and he exclaimed: "Hello, Nye! What did you think of

Peter?"

TWAIN AS AN INVENTOR.

The Great Humorist Certainly a Versatile Genius.

Mark Twain seldom gets to his old home in Hartford, most of his time be ing occupied in playing the part of the social lion down on Manhattan Island. The humorist's fame since his tour of the world has widely increased, and he never was more idolized than lie is to-

Few people know Mark outside of his role of the humorist, but the Hartford celebrity is a many sided man, his ability extending from literature as the dearer cod liver oil for weakly, even unto suspenders and shoulder straps.

Twain is the versatile genius, the thin slices of bread thickly spread with | Connecticut Yankee, but his literary reputation threatens to overshadow his fame as an inventor. Yet Mr. Clem ens is the possessor of three patents, Butter is a carbon, and all excess of all duly recorded at the patent office it is stored up as fat in the body. It in Washington. A patent was issed in gives energy and power to work to 1871 in his name for "an improvement those who cat heartily of it. So it is in adjustable and detachable straps not economy at table to spare the but- for garments." This patent strap is the back of waistcoats and trousers cookery, if plenty of fat can be digest- but so made as to button on instead of being sewed to the garment. What people are expected to find out for themselves, for Mark dismisses the no less than seven different sorts of obvious that they need no explana-

years later and was for the Mark Twain scrapbook. The majority of persons who use these scrapbooks imarticle in the same manner that the name of a prominent man is bestowed Mr. Clemens. He had this scrapbook patented in England, France and the United States, and it is the most successful of his inventions

The third invention of the creator of Huckleberry Finn was far more elaboone inch is quite sufficient to accom- rate than either of the others. It is described as a game apparatus. There pire's chart and the other as the player's chart. These cards are ruled off for writing the numbers of a series of years. Opposite each date is a small hole. The player announces that he mond, but are not so valuable for that | will stick a pin in a certain year and purpose, lacking the requisite hardness give some event which happened in that year. He mentions the event, and the umpire decides whether he is right or not. If he is, he is allowed to stick the pin in the hole opposite the date "the game is played until one player temperate habits of the English. St. has placed a certain number of pins Dunstan conceived the idea of dividing in the holes of his chart." It will be the tankards out of which the liquor seen that these inventions of Mark was drunk into eight equal parts, each | Twain cover a wide range of human part marked with a silver pln. The effort, extending, as they do, from the cups were generous affairs, holding solemn matter of trousers straps to the two quarts. Consequently the quantity joyful game of historic dates .- Hart-

The cathedral car purchased by Bish op Walker, now bishop of western New by which the drinker was to stop only over North Dakota and holding servat a pin. If he drank beyond, he had ices is now being used by a clothing the rallway mileage of the United to go on to the next mark. As it was firm, having been remodeled for that States and other countries that is a difficult to stop exactly at a pin the purpose. The car was used in Carpleasant sequel to the recent announce. vain efforts always excited much rington, N. D., for about two years previous to being sold as a place of worship for the Episcopalian congregation there, but it was difficult to get it warm enough in winter, and it was not

satisfactory. Bishop Walker attained more fame on account of this "cathedral car," as it struck the imagination of people in the eastern section of this country and lower classes wear for the most part in England, than was warranted by any religious results gained from it. When the bishop went to London, he was always introduced as "the bishop of the cathedral car," and he was nevthe mileage has quadrupled. In 1883 are held in place by a metal tube that er known to resent it. At one grand dinner in England he sat near Lord Rosebery, then prime minister, who turned to him with this apt mot: "Well, my dear bishop, your idea is certainly a new one. the church militant and the church triumphant, but I had never heard of the church ambulant."-Boston Transcript.

The Bean Pole and the Cornerib A friend of Hon. Shelby M. Cullon occasionally takes pleasure in recounting an incident connected with the present senator's first reception after

he became governor of Illinois. In the line of approaching "handshakes" he saw a rural giant whose massive figure towered above all the other occupants of the crowded room. Mentally the governor made the comment, "That man must weigh about

300 pounds." When the ponderous man reached his excellency and extended his hand, he asked in deep tones, andible in every part of the room:

"And you're the governor of Illinois, eh?" "Yes, I have that honor," replied Mr.

Cullon "Well," exclaimed the glant, "I must say you're built on a mighty slim pattern for a governor! If I'd stand behind you, I guess we'd look something that of the Englishman, while the Ger- like a bean pole leaned up against a

> A Sunday School Museum. The Manchester Sunday School union (England) has made a new departure of models and objects likely to be museum contains many illustrations of

plants and animals mentioned in the Bible. The gods and sacred animals of the Egyptians are largely represented. There are copies of the Rosetta stone and the chy tables of Babylonia and Assyria. The Shofar horn, the waxed writing tablets, as well as tear bottles and precious stones, find place in this novel museum.

audience that he excused himself and Mr. Wheeler Got Rid of His Rheuma-

lame in my joints, in fact all over my body, that I could hardly hobble around, when I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. From the first application I began to get well

"During the winter of 1898 I was so

"Well," responded the humorist dry-ly, "anatomically he was great, but Uncle Tomically he is the worst I ever was."

Inst application I began to get worked and was cured and have worked steadily all the year.—R. Wheeler, Northwood, N. Y. For sale by Wm. P. Bell & Co., Accomac C. H., Va.